

Mr. Jacob had just made some porridge of lentiles, and was going to eat it. My lord Esau said, Brother, give me some of your porridge. I made it for myself, answered Mr. Jacob, but if you will give me your title you shall have it. Esau, who was a glutton, complied, and sold his title for this mess of porridge. Therefore Jacob became the eldest, and was my lord, and Esau was only master.

*Mademoiselle.* You see, ladies, what gluttony causes. It is a vile fault. It is not only a sin to be a glutton, but it makes people sick, stupid, and shortens their days; but I will say no more upon this article; I have a much better opinion of you, my children, than to think you are gluttons. It is so vulgar and so shameful a vice, that I would not suffer a young lady whom I thought to be a glutton, to keep you company.—You blush, Miss Harriot; what have you had the misfortune to commit a fault of this kind?

*Miss*

*Miss Harriot.* Yes, Mademoiselle. A few days ago my maid would not give me some tea in the evening, and I cried above an hour about it.

*Mademoiselle.* You must endeavour to get the better of this naughty crime, my love; and if you will be a good girl, and have me continue to love you, you must repair the fault you have committed: and how will you do it, my dear?

*Miss Harriot.* I won't drink a drop of tea for a week: but then, Mademoiselle, you must promise me not to think any more of the folly which I have committed.

*Mademoiselle.* Why do you think I would, my dear? When we are sorry for our faults, and endeavour to mend, God himself forgets them; and I assure you I shall not remember them. Now tell us your history, my dear.

*Miss Harriot.* Esau did not love his brother Jacob, because he had bought his title of him, and had robbed him of his

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